

Oth. Iago becomes me: now he begins the story.
Cassio. She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Seabanke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.
Oth. Crying oh deere *Cassio*, as it were: his iecture imports it.
Cassio. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me: So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber: oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dogge, I shall throw it to.
Cassio. Well, I must leaue her companie.
Iago. Before me: looke where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cassio. 'Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one? What do you meane by this haunting of me?
Bianca. Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you: what did you meane by that same Handkerchiefe, you gaue me euen now? I was a fine Foole to take it: I must take out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you should finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some Minxes token, & I must take out the worke? There, giue it your Hobbey-horse, wherefoeuer you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.
Cassio. How now, my sweete *Bianca*?
Oth. By Heauen, that should be my Handkerchiefe.
Bianca. If you'll come to supper to night you may, if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit*
Iago. After her: after her.
Cassio. I must, shee'l rayle in the streets else.
Iago. Will you sup there?
Cassio. Yes, I intend so.
Iago. Well, I may chance to see you: for I would verie faine speake with you.
Cassio. Prythee come: will you?
Iago. Go too: say no more.
Oth. How shall I murder him, *Iago*.
Iago. Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?
Oth. Oh, *Iago*.
Iago. And did you see the Handkerchiefe?
Oth. Was that mine?
Iago. Yours by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife: she gaue it him, and he hath giu'n it his whore.
Oth. I would haue him nine yeeres a killing: A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?
Iago. Nay, you must forget that.
Othello. I let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to night, for she shall not liue. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter Creature: she might lye by an Emperours side, and command him Taskes.
Iago. Nay, that's not your way.
Othello. Hang her, I do but say what she is: so delicate with her Needle: an admirable Musitian. Oh she will sing the Sawagenesse out of a Beare: of so high and plenteous wit, and intention?
Iago. She's the worke for all this.
Othello. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
 And then of so gentle a condition?
Iago. Too gentle.
Othello. Nay that's certaine:
 But yet the pittie of it, *Iago*: oh *Iago*, the pittie of it

Iago.
Iago. If you are so fond ouer her iniquitie: giue her patten to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere no body.
Oth. I will chop her into Messes: Cuckold me?
Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her.
Oth. With mine Officer?
Iago. That's fouler.
Othello. Get me some poyson, *Iago*, this night. Ile not expostulate with her: least her body and beautie vnprouide my mind againe: this night *Iago*.
Iago. Do it not with poyson, strangle her in her bed, Euen the bed she hath contaminated.
Oth. Good, good:
 The iustice of it pleases: very good.
Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his vndertaker:
 You shall heare more by midnight.

Enter Lodonico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Othello. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that same?
Iago. I warrant something from Venice,
 'Tis *Lodonico*, this, comes from the Duke.
Sec. your wife's with him.
Lodo. Saue you worthy Generall.
Othello. With all my heart Sir.
Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.
Othello. I kisse the Instrument of their pleasures.
Des. And what's the newes, good cozen *Lodonico*?
Iago. I am very glad to see you Signior:
 Welcome to Cyprus.
Lod. I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant *Cassio*?
Iago. Lives Sir,
Des. Cozen, there's false betweene him, & my Lord,
 An vnkind breach: but you shall make all well.
Othello. Are you sure of that?
Des. My Lord?
Othello. This faile you not to do, as you will —
Lod. He did not call: he's busie in the paper,
 Is there deuision 'twixt my Lord, and *Cassio*?
Des. A most vnhappy one: I would do much
 To attonethem, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.
Othello. Fire, and brimstone.
Des. My Lord,
Othello. Are you wife?
Des. What is he angrie?
Lod. May be the Letter mou'd him.
 For as I thinke, they do command him home,
 Deputing *Cassio* in his Government.
Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.
Othello. Indeed?
Des. My Lord?
Othello. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. Why, sweete *Othello*?
Othello. Diuell.
Des. I haue not deseru'd this.
Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in Venice,
 Though I should sweare I saw't. 'Tis very much,
 Make her amends: she weepes.
Othello. Oh diuell, diuell:
 If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares,
 Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocodile:
 Out of my sight.
Des. I will not stay to offend you.
Lod. Truly obedient Lady:
 I do beseech your Lordship call her backe.

Othello. Mistis.
Des. My Lord.
Othello. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who I, my Lord?
Othello. I, you did wish, that I would make her turne:
 Sir, she can turne, and turne: and yet go on
 And turne againe. And she can weepe, Sir, weepe.
 And she's obedient: as you say obedient.
 Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.
 Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion)
 I am commanded home: get you away:
 Ile send for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,
 And will returne to Venice. Hence, auant:
Cassio shall haue my Place. And Sir, to night
 I do entreat, that we may sup together.
 You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.
 Goates, and Monkeys. *Exit.*
Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
 Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature
 Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue
 The shot of Accident, nor dart of Chance
 Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits safe? Is he not light of Braine?
Iago. He's that he is: I may not breath my censure.
 What he might be if what he might, he is not,
 I would to heauen he were.
Lod. What? Strike his wife?
Iago. Faith that was not so well: yet would I knew
 That stroke would proue the worke.
Lod. Is it his wife?
 Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,
 And new create his fault?
Iago. Alas, alas:
 It is not honestie in me to speake
 What I haue seene, and knowne. You shall obserue him,
 And his owne courses will deonte him so,
 That I may saue my speech: do but go after
 And marke how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiu'd in him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Emilia.

Othello. You haue seene nothing then?
Emil. Nor euer heard: nor euer did suspect.
Othello. Yes, you haue seene *Cassio*, and she together.
Emil. But then I saw no harme: and then I heard,
 Each syllable that breath made vp betweene them.
Othello. What? Did they neuer whisper?
Emil. Neuer my Lord.
Othello. Nor send you out o'th way?
Emil. Neuer.
Othello. To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no-
Emil. Neuer my Lord. (thing?)
Othello. That's strange.
Emil. I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honest:
 Lay downe my Soule at stake: If you thinke other,
 Remoue your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:
 If any wretch haue put this in your head,
 Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curse,

For if she be not honest
 There's no man happy
 Is foule as Slander.
Othello. Bid her come
 She saies enough: yet
 That cannot say as much
 A Closset Locke and Key
 And yet she'll kneele,

Enter Desdemona.

Des. My Lord, wh
Othello. Pray you Ch
Des. What is your
Othello. Let me see yo
Des. What horribl
Othello. Some of yo
 Leave Procreants alon
 Cough, or cry hem; if
 Your Mytery, your M
Des. Vpon my kne
 I vnderstand a Fury in
Othello. Why? Wh
Des. Your wife my
Othello. Come sw
 being like one of Hea
 feare to ceaze thee. Th
 thou art honest.
Des. Heauen doth
Othello. Heauen truly
Des. To whom my
 With whom? How ar
Othello. Ah *Desdemona*
Des. Alas the heau
 Am I the motiue of th
 If happily you my Fa
 An Instrument of this
 Lay not your blame o
 I haue lost him too.
Othello. Had it pleas
 To try me with Afflic
 All kind of Sores, and
 Steep'd me in pauerit
 Giuen to Captiuitie, n
 I should haue found in
 A drop of patience. B
 The fixed Figure for th
 To point his slow, and
 Yet could I beare that
 But there where I haue
 Where either I must li
 The Fountaine from th
 Or else dries vp: to be
 Or keepe it as a Cester
 To knot and gender in
 Patience, thou young
 I heere looke grim as
Des. I hope my Ne
Othello. Oh I, as Son
 That quicken euen wit
 Who art so louely fair
 That the Sense akes at
 Would thou had'st ne
Des. Alas, what ign
Othello. Was this fair
 Made to write Whore